

Dear Tammy,

It is with heavy heart and weary hand I write these words to you. Words that I ache to say in person, should have long ago, and pray that I will one day.

I miss you. I love you (sisterly), and I never wanted to leave you. Especially in your time of need. It brings me great sorrow and regret that between your divorce and your dad, I was not there with a shoulder for each... and to move furniture etc...

So why then? Well, what is the one thing that fills the deepest part of your soul? Deeper than friendship. Even ours? Your children, Moses. I could not bare to loose him, and I surely would have according to his mother, if I even spoke to you. Her jealousy of you and I had no bounds, and her surveillance on me was flawless. She resented the entire family in fact, and Hantsport, and our entire relationship, which if not for Moses, I would say should never even have happened.

She had a serious mental illness and I know that, yet still looked only at her real beauty that shawn through, like a little sunlight struggling to break through the clouds.

She spent her entire pregnancy almost alone, in a hormonal tornado, and always wanted to go home. I could not provide for her and the guilt crushes me.

Comming over here was necessary for her, and I, for Moses.

Owr life was a ballance of poverty, frustration, misery, and joy. Moses. He is such an incredible boy. He is a gift. He is the love of my life. He is the reason I am still here. There is no work. I know nobody I could not stand the sight of his mother, yet I stayed for him. I just wanted so much to be a good father.

A real father. Like ~~-----~~. I knew that if we separated, I could batlle through the shitty work, and the living here, just to have the chance to be that father.

(like I have been by the way, I am awsome at it), but I knew that her muddled mind would see past that and come to the conclusion that I am against her, and I must dissappear completely.

And then, like SATAN answered my prayers she left that night and has not come back. Please believe I did not want that boy to loose his mother. And now, because I am a "Suspect", and 'Child Protetive Services' seemingly has more power than GOD, he has lost his father too.

I went know anything untill the 31st, when we have a hearing at Family Court. I Am INNOCENT. I have begun to pray. For real. Not like "Oh my jesus, I'll never drink that much again and piss everywhere, God!" I really pray that Moses and I make it home. I just want to come home and raise my son.

Even if, God willing, Ann returns, I will fight
for this.

please, please do not deliver this to the
Hantsport rumor mill. I send this because
I believe I owe it to you. This is between you
and me. Maybe to fill in some missing pieces a
little bit.

please do not respond by mail or home phone.
I am being watched and I can't have them
knowing that I want to go home. (and will,
as soon as we can).

WOG HAS MY CELL #.

I love you,

Flaw.

in and the kids.